



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

An Unfortunate Encounter at the Discount Maid Cafe



brother

sister

maid

189 5 9

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

It took a while to adjust to the fact that it was, indeed, my sister who was staring me down in a frilly maid costume. Her lips might have said "Welcome home, Onii-Chan!", but her eyes whispered sweet soliloquies of death. Of course. Her boss must have been the doormaiden. She couldn't speak her mind in such close proximity. Truthfully, I was surprised that this place could even afford such a luxury. It was possibly one of the lowest budget maid cafes in all of Japan, and I had been a loyal customer to it for the last three years of my life, unbeknownst to my family. Until now.

"Um, t-thank you," I stammer, not daring to lock eyes with Nowi. She'll have my head on a platter for this when I get home, I just know it. I'll be lucky if she doesn't spit in my omelette.

Then again, doesn't this give me a certain leverage over her? Our parents can't possibly know about this occupation. They would absolutely flip.

I consider this all and more as my younger sister hands me a menu, her low cut dress inviting me

to stare. I want to vomit.

See more of Story Wars

We are going to have such a long

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Chapter 2 by Jay Milton



As I finished serving my last customer, I begin to notice there is man staring at me. He looks so familiar, I know him from somewhere. In fact, he looks just like my brother, Oni. Crap, it is Oni! I pretend not to notice who he is as I hand him the menu. I'm going to KILL him when he gets home. He shouldn't here. He should be at work.

"Our specials for the day are Kare Raisu, Onigiri, and Chahan." "What would you like to eat?" I stare him down as if he stole something, monitoring his every movement.

I really hope he is ready for the long chat we are going to have when we gets home. He is so embarrassing. He stammers and looks like a buffoon in public.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



I couldn't exit the cafe fast enough. Bits of omelette were stuck in my teeth, but I didn't care to accept a toothpick from Atsuko-chan. If I had to stay in that same area around the vicinity of my sister, I would have barfed.

This particular shopping district tended to attract some shady characters, so I was quick on my feet turning the corner from the "Blossom Cafe", or whatever name Atsuko had changed it to this week in an effort to get new customers. I knew the drill - a name change for every bad experience a customer had (and there were many) so they couldn't be traced. Tried and true.

At first, I thought nothing of the men passing me by in the animal masks. The strangeness of this place's inhabitants had been long lost on me.

Then I noticed their guns.

Chapter 4 by adware



They must have had longstanding gym memberships, or maybe even personal trainers for those pythons. They reminded me of my two cousins on my mother's side, two beefhead brothers who perpetually compete with each other in their strength exercises, and just about everything else in life. In fact, their giant arms have the same hien tattoo they share. of a tattoo. Wait

Oh no. It was them. It had to be. See more of Story Wars

The masks were cheap and were designed for children. One looked like

Login

or

Create new account

were designed for the head of a turtle.

I watched them approach the cafe, and compete for who would hold the door for the other to enter for a while. Eventually they both squeezed in through the frame simultaneously and took a seat. I ran back to the outside of the cafe and pressed my nose to the window to watch.

Inside I saw my brother notice them as well, he looked just as confused as me. My cousins were playing with their menus, watching my sister prepare their orders through the cut outs for their eyes-- did they really think the masks were enough to hide their identity?

I'd had enough. I slammed open the door, causing the glass open/closed sign to fall and shatter on the ground. I stalked up to the cousins from behind, and grabbed a handful of each shoulder. They both turned to look at me, and I could discern their shock from behind their mask.

"Thaaat's right cousins. Game's over." I said

I grabbed one of their masks each, pulled them off their heads. I gasped.

"Mom? Dad? It was you?"

They shed their muscle suits and bowed their heads, ashamed.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars  [receive feedback](#)

Login

or

Create new account

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account